

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# All the Year Round

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"Household Words"

No. 298. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DODD," "NO ALTERNATIVE,"  
&c. &c.

### CHAPTER XXII. KATE'S STORY.

"In case the need may arise of my consulting you in the progress of the story, you must let me come and see you?" Frank pleads, after some of the official preliminaries have been stiffly settled.

"In case that need should arise, write to me as you would to any other contributor, and I will come to the office, which is the proper place for all business transactions to take place in, I have always understood, Mr. Forest."

She speaks in a quiet, restrained tone; there is no trace of agitation or wounded feeling, or confusion, or resentment of any sort in her face. But she calls him "Mr.," a sure sign that she desires to sting him into remembering how different all things were between them in the days when she called him "Frank."

"You will not even receive me at your house?" he asks, sadly. "Kate, you are bitter, indeed."

"Would your wife receive me at her house?" she asks. "Believe me, though, I am not bitter; still I have a strong sense of what is fitting, and it would not be fitting that you should come to my lodgings. House, I have none."

"You in lodgings alone," he mutters pitifully. "Kate, I can't stand it; I must speak to my mother and get her to induce you to alter your determination. If you were living with my mother and sisters, my wife would not dare——"

He pauses abruptly, for a strange look has come into Kate's face.

"I am not going to live alone," she says. "That is the reason; that, at least,

is one of the reasons why I don't wish you to come and see me."

She looks sadly away from him and gazes into space, for she is thinking that her resolve to meet the blast with Mrs. Angerstein, and protect the latter from it to the best of her ability, would meet with but small favour in the eyes of her aunt and cousins.

"You are not going to live alone? What do you mean?"

He asks the question sharply, and Kate feels the blood rising into her face as she recognises the tone of masterful interrogation, which he certainly has no right to assume towards her any longer.

"My friend's name can be of no importance to you. We have made up our minds to our course; and, possibly, if I told you the circumstances, you might attempt to turn me from my portion of it. The attempt would be a vain one; nevertheless, I would rather spare you the trouble of making, and myself the trouble of resisting, it. I begin, then, in the next number," she continues in as matter-of-fact a way as if the conversation had never swerved from The Unwarrantable and its possible contents.

"You begin in the next number," he replies; then he hesitates, for an awkward question has arisen in his mind, an awkward doubt has suggested itself to him, and, if it has not suggested itself to her also, he fears that his mention of it may gall her more than he has had occasion to gall her already. He dare not say, "Do you mean to write under your own name in future:" for, with womanly perversity, she may say "yes," and for her to appear under her own name in his magazine would be an impossibility.

"You have forgotten to tell me your

nom de plume," he begins. "Hitherto, your articles have been unsigned."

"My nom de plume?"

"Yes; it is necessary that I should know it, in order that the MS. may have immediate attention."

"I had not thought of one; I had forgotten that my real name would be a stain on your pages. 'Outcast' will do as well as anything else, won't it?"

"Kate," he says, reproachfully, "you're hardening yourself most unjustly against me. How would it look to—to—all our people, if you, keeping aloof from all of them, as you're intending to do, were to appear under your own name in my magazine? We should be suspected of holding intercourse, which you will not permit, and of being on terms of intimacy with each other which does not exist. I should not be justified in letting you put yourself in such a false position, without pointing out the consequences to you."

"The consequences to me would be very immaterial; but you're perfectly justified in protecting yourself from the unpleasantness that would assail you, if it were known that you were commonly humane to me. Attach what signature you please to my writings; I shall not suggest any other than the one I have suggested, for that I am."

She turns to go now, and a clerk knocks for admission on business of importance, and, altogether, Frank feels that the miserable end of the miserable interview has come. Coldly, without even shaking hands, these two part; and she goes back to her lodgings with the sore feeling that her chief interest in the future will be to make those lodgings as much like a comfortable home as she can for poor, incapable Cissy.

For she is not fired with any of the burning glow of literary ambition. She has taken up the life without a particle of enthusiasm, simply as a means of bread-winning. She is fully alive to the consciousness that even if she has a brief success, or apparent success, through this accident which has made Frank editor of the new magazine, she may speedily make a dead failure, and be compelled to renounce the pen she has taken up in such cold blood. She is fully alive, also, to the fact that even should she continue sufficiently successful to be altogether committed to the career, that it will be one of never-ending anxiety, of painful hope, and despair, and disappointment. All this she

knows, and all this she accepts with almost stoical indifference. What breaks her down, and wrings scalding tears from her eyes, is the thought that Frank either fears his wife so much, or loves her so well, as to shrink from the peril of his cousin's name appearing in conjunction with his own in print.

Like a woman, she will not in her first rage recognise the fact that it is fear for her good name, which makes him desire that it should not be brought forward in a quarter where it would be attacked so insidiously, that he would be powerless to defend it. Like a woman, she thinks that he is ashamed now of everything connected with her, because he dare not publicly vaunt anything like regard for her. Ashamed of his relationship, ashamed of his former love, of his cruelly given and equally cruelly taken away love, ashamed even of his standing towards her in a position that any stranger, who had edited the paper, might adopt. "He is a slave, either to his fear or his love," she repeats bitterly, as a vision of May regnant in his heart, rises up before her.

Nevertheless, though, as has been said, she does not enter upon her new life with enthusiasm, she does enter upon it with something that is considerably better than enthusiasm, in the long run, and that is with a steadfast determination to work as well as she can, and as hard as she can, though she has no abstract love for the unknown work as yet. Ploughing the well-tilled fields of literature may not be pleasant work, but she will put her hand to the plough heartily, and if success come, "Well, all the better for Mrs. Angerstein," she thinks, drearily.

Time passes. The two forlorn women, who have been drawn together by misfortune, by the helplessness of the one, and the helpfulness of the other, are settled in their lodgings, and Kate's work has begun to be public property.

The majority of women's first novels are little more than a resumé of their own experiences, slightly garbled, and thinly veiled. Kate's is no exception to the rule. Her heroine has two heroes. So has she! Her heroine has to pay a sharp penalty for a fault she never committed, and for a folly which she never contemplated. Her heroine has to a most marked degree an aversion which amounts to an antipathy, to the type of woman of whom Mrs. Frank Forest is a representative—the women who are simply amiable, and gentle, when

all things go exactly according to their ideas of what is well, and who sting like scorpions, and scratch like cats, as soon as anything runs counter to their imperfectly developed inclinations.

The two Miss Forests taking their customary, good-naturedly lazy interest in all that concerns their brother, read his magazine with just that amount of attention which will enable them to talk about it without making blunders. Gertrude reads Kate's story, as most serial stories are read by the majority of serial story readers. That is to say, she picks out all the incidents, all the descriptions of pretty and agreeable persons, all the little bits of interview that apparently emanate from the heart. Need it be added that she skips all the delicate delineations of character, all the subtle allusions to various idiosyncrasies that are well known to all the members of the Forest family, and all the cautiously veiled hits at May which Kate has dealt out unconsciously; consequently Gertrude puts *The Unwarrantable* down, with no other comment on the story it contains, than the words,

"A new story, by a new writer," how tired I am of that special form of attracting attention. Frank should have struck out something fresh. It's only human to shrink from the prospect of another "new writer;" he or she is probably young, and may be endowed with a power of pouring out his or her platitudes, for the remainder of the natural term of our lives."

"Let me have a look at the cause of this genuine burst of feeling, and rather involved sentence," Marian says, stretching out her hand for the journal. Then she glances down the first pages, and her carelessness vanishes, and she settles herself to the reading of the first chapter with attention.

"Kate stands confessed in every line," she says to herself, when she has finished it. "What does all this mean? writing for Frank, and keeping away from us. Surely if May is not blind, and stupid to a degree that exceeds the stupidity even of a Constable, she will see herself in that passage commencing with the quotation, 'No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.' Oh, Kate! Kate! you shouldn't have quoted your darling Pope so aptly, if you wanted to remain undiscovered in Frank's magazine."

There is, a few days after this, a gathering of the clans at Frank's house. Marian has kept her own counsel, and has not

breathed a word of her shrewd conjecture to anyone, but she goes with a quickened interest to her sister-in-law's dinner party to-night, for she knows that the new magazine and its contents must inevitably be discussed.

May, aided by an admirable cook and housekeeper, by her mother's hints, and a capital cookery book, achieves a genuine success as a dinner-giver. No napery is whiter, no silver brighter, no glass more highly polished than young Mrs. Forest's. From early morn to dewy eve May is on household cares intent; and she finds her Heaven below in the work. She has passed out of the stage of even trying to delude herself into the belief that she loves her husband, just as he has passed out of the stage of attempting to delude other people into the belief that he has the faintest feeling of affection for his wife. Yet, odd as it may appear, they are not unhappy or even dissatisfied. They have got what they respectively bargained for in the recesses of their souls. He has all the solid comforts, all the inspiring luxuries, all the consideration which money gives to, and gains for, a man. She has the position and independence of a married woman whose money is her own to spend. Some women "to pleasure or to business take," under these circumstances. They seek distraction in love or literature. May does neither; she turns, happily for herself and Frank, to house-keeping, and the result is that everything is excellently ordered.

This occupation, which is the chief interest of her life, and the dearest object of her heart, prevents her missing her husband at all during his long daily absences. The Unwarrantable is indeed a boon to him. According to himself all his time, all his energies, all his interests must be devoted to that scape-goat. The beautifully appointed house on Campden-hill never sees its master unless its master is surrounded by friends. At the end of five months' wedlock, the husband and wife feel called upon to talk polite conversation if they find themselves together without the saving presence of a third person. Nevertheless, it must be repeated, that they are satisfied with their lives, and that they do not loathe the links that bind them together. Only one passion will rouse them from their torpor of indifference, and that one passion has not been roused yet. With all the undeveloped elements of jealousy in her nature, May has been given

no cause for the raising of the demon. Even she acknowledges—and is glad to acknowledge—that *The Unwarrantable* has a mighty claim on its editor's time. "It saves me so much trouble Frank being out so much," she says to her bosom-friends. "A man about the house all day would interfere with the household routine most terribly, and I like everything to go like clock-work." So she patronises *The Unwarrantable*, and Frank's engrossed care of it, and is thankful—and so is he.

But to-night she feels outside the conversation when it turns upon the magazine, and she is vivaciously annoyed when she finds that other women—especially Frank's sisters—know more about it than she does. Accordingly she turns a keen, though not a delighted ear, to the conversation when *The Unwarrantable* comes upon the carpet.

"I don't like your leading novelist," one man says.

"If ever a woman went vaguely into a maze, trusting to her heart and intuition, rather than to her head, to lead her out of it, your 'new writer' is doing it, Forest. Do you think she'll ever do any good, Frank, or will she fall short, and come to grief?"

"You take it for granted it's a woman," Frank says, rather savagely; "is there a man among us who can write better?"

"Or worse," his friend interrupts, with a laugh, "Mrs. Forest, I appeal to you."

"That would be a case of 'woman against woman,' and monstrously unfair," Marian interrupts.

"Why blend your voice and fortunes with the failing cause?" the dowager Mrs. Forest cuts in, euphoniously. "If the novel does not hurt the magazine, does it matter by whom it was written?" She asks her question with superb disdain. She appeals with elegantly uplifted hands to the company assembled, for corroboration of her testimony. She carries every one with her by her grace and her grande dame air, everyone but her daughter Marian, who comes near to her and says,

"Don't say a word more, mamma, until you have seen Kate; she is writing that story."

"Kate!"

Mrs. Forest ejaculates her niece's name in tones of surprise, shock, pride, and bewilderment. She does not regulate those tones at all, and they fall upon May's ears. May is up in arms at once.

"There is no 'Kate' here happily," she says, languidly but rather viciously

withal, "but perhaps you're beginning an acting charade; I am not good at those things myself, and, besides, I should never like to take a part in anything in which the name of 'Kate' occurred. I have been so horribly taken in by a 'Kate,'" she continues to explain down the whole length of her dinner-table, "that I shrink now from any one who bears the name; and my husband bears me out in my judgment, for he has never seen the person who deceived me, since I found out that she did deceive me; have you Frank?"

#### CELTIC SURNAMES IN ENGLAND.

MUCH has been written on the subject of English surnames, and several volumes have been published, setting forth their Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, or Norman derivation. The Duke of Somerset truly says that "every word, in every language, has its pedigree." The fact is as true as regards surnames, as it is with regard to the ordinary nouns, verbs, and adjectives, which we all employ in our daily conversation. But hitherto no writer on the subject has gone beyond the Saxon, or the Norman-French, to account for the names which men have assumed for themselves, or bestowed upon each other in these islands; except to state, what is well known, that Celtic names, beginning with Mac, are all of Scotch or Irish origin; that O', as in O'Connell, or O'Donnell, is exclusively Irish, and that "Ap" is a Cymric or Welsh prefix, equivalent to the Norman Fitz, and signifying son.

No one who wishes to know the sources and significations of the most common English surnames, as far as their Saxon or Norman pedigree is concerned, can do better than refer to the recently published work of Mr. Charles Wareing Bardsley, M.A., which, as far as it goes, is the best that has appeared on the subject. It is full of research, and lets in a flood of light upon the manners and customs of the English people, during the early period, when surnames first began to be largely assumed, and to become hereditary. Whether derived from Christian names or patronymics, as the Richardsons, the Robertsons, the Watsons, the Robinsons, the Johnsons, the Jacksons, the Thomsons, and others; from trades, as the Taylors, the Smiths, the Carpenters, the Brewers, the Butchers, the Arrowsmiths, the Bow-

yers, the Fletchers, the Lorimers, the Sawyers, &c.; from personal appearance, as the Browns, the Whites, the Blacks, the Balds, the Longs, the Shorts, the Sharps, &c.; from place of residence and other locality, as the Fields, the Groves, the Hills, the Meadows, the Brooks, the Lanes, the Lees, the Stanleys, the Winstanleys, the Oakleighs, &c., and others, the reader will find copious and interesting information in Mr. Bardsley's book. But it is only in so far as these and the other names which he has collected with commendable industry, are Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, or Norman, that he has anything to say. Beyond these languages he does not travel, and leaves the Celtic element altogether untouched. It is the purpose of the present paper to supply some of the most material of these omissions, and to prove that no work upon English surnames can be considered satisfactory, that does not account for the multiplicity of names that are inexplicable by Saxon or Anglo-Saxon, Danish or Norman. It would be indeed strange if the venerable Celtic language, which was spoken by the aboriginal people of the British Isles, ages before a Saxon or a Dane ever set foot on its shores, or before the Normans assumed the mastery over that Saxon England, which the demoralised Saxons were either unable or unwilling to defend, had left no traces upon the names of the people. That such traces are numerous I hope to make evident.

It was long assumed that the Saxon invaders exterminated the aboriginal Britons, with the exception of a mere handful of fugitives, who took refuge in Wales and Cornwall; and the Scots and Picts, who were too warlike, and too well defended by their all but inaccessible mountains, to render it either politic or safe to encounter them.\* This assertion, though widely accepted, was palpably untrue; and presupposed in the Saxons an intention as barbarous in idea as it was impossible of execution. Had the Saxons been guilty of so cruel, wanton, and wholly unnecessary a massacre of a population no longer able to render any successful resistance, they would, if they intended to remain in the country, have been compelled to send back to the Germany from which they issued, to procure

wives for themselves, in their new homes. They brought no women with them, when they landed as invaders, and no invading general with a gleam of common sense in his head would have permitted them to do so. And there is not even a hint in history that a second swarm, consisting of Saxon or Anglo-Saxon women ever landed in the country. The whole story of the extermination of the British people, male and female, young and old, rests on the authority of one untrustworthy and ignorant historian, the monk Gildas, who wrote in Normandy, a hundred and fifty years after the supposed event, and who is contradicted in almost every particular by nature, by policy, by probability, and by after-ascertained fact. That this story was ever looked upon as true, and that it was repeated by successive historians for hundreds of years, almost until our own day, when the final coup de grace has been given to it, has so far been a misfortune, that it has led philologists into the error of supposing that little or no trace of the Celtic language was left in the speech of the English people, and that the Celtic wives of the Saxon conquerors did not teach their children the words of their own language. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the most incompetent and prejudiced linguist who ever attempted to compile a Dictionary—knowing nothing whatever of the Celtic languages and dialects—accepted, in pure ignorance or carelessness, the statement of Gildas, that no Celts were permitted to exist in England, and explained by this supposed fact, another supposed fact—that no trace of Celtic remained in the language that gradually formed itself out of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, and was spoken by men who had Celtic mothers. Other philologists, as ignorant of Celtic as Johnson himself, followed in his track, like sheep after the bell-wether, and did their best to stereotype an error and a delusion.

But the names of places all over England that are purely Celtic, and the names of persons, remain to this day to attest the vitality of the Celtic language. It is only of the latter, and as a supplement to Mr. Bardsley's Anglo-Saxon Book of surnames, that the writer of this paper intends to treat at present: and show to many hundreds of Englishmen, unaware of the fact, that, however Anglo-Saxon they may be in blood, they yet partake of the aboriginal element, and that their surnames are purely Celtic. Taking these

\* Some allusion was made to this subject by the present writer in *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, Vol. I., page 318, 1869, under the title of "A Question of Ancestry."

names alphabetically, none of which appear in Mr. Bardsley's portly volume of five hundred and forty-three pages, except a very few, which he erroneously traces to Saxon sources, I find the following, all of which are etymologically and undoubtedly of Celtic or Gaelic pedigree, though all, or nearly all, are borne by English people:—

Allen, Alleyn, Allan, Allanson, from *alain*, white, bright, clear; Alwyn, from *alùin*, beautiful; Aird, Arden, Harden, Harding, from *ard*, a height or hill—*airde*, heights or hills; Accum, from *ath-chum* (pronounced a-cum), to re-shape, re-model, form anew; Aikin, from *euchan*, a little horse; Ackroyd, from *eachruidh*, a stud of horses.

Barclay, from *bare*, to rush, to burst forth, and *claid heamh* (pronounced clay), a sword; Braddon, from *bradan*, a salmon, the equivalent of the English names Salmon and Salmond; Begg, from *beag*, little; Baird, from *bard*, a poet; Blair, from *blar*, a battle, an engagement, a field; Bailey, from *baile*, a town, a village; Brock, from *broe*, a badger; Barr, from *bar*, the top; Brett, from *breith*, a judgment, an opinion; Barrough, from *barached*, superiority; Babbage, from *babaiche*, a fringe, a tassel; Burrell, from *burrall*, a burst of grief: Bardell, from *bardal*, a drake; Ballard, from *ballart*, noise, clamour; Bethel, from *beathail*, vital; Back, from *badhach* (pronounced ba-ach), friendly; Busk, from *busg*, adorn; Borel, Borrell, Burrell, from *borrel*, proud, haughty; Belmore, from *beul*, a mouth, and *mor*, great; Binnie, Bennoch, from *binneach*, mountains; Braddock, from *bratach*, a banner; Bain, from *ban*, white; Bryce, Brice, Bryson, from *brice*, spotted; Bagallay, from *bagailleached*, kindness, friendliness; Burt, Birt, Birtles, from *burd*, a jest; Boswell, from *bos-bhuail* (*bos-vuail*), to clap or strike hands; Boyd, from *boid*, a vow, a promise.

The great Scottish name, Campbell, in consequence of the insertion of the letter p, is often derived from the Italian *campobello*; although those who approve this etymology fail to show why a Scottish clan, in a remote part of the Highlands, that hundreds of years ago had, in all probability, never heard of Italy or the Italian language, should have been indebted to that foreign source for a word which their own language supplied. The true derivation is *cam*, crooked, and *shuil* (pronounced huil), eye; probably given to

some great chief or warrior of antiquity for the personal peculiarity of a squint. The Highlanders pronounce the word, *cah-mul*, in accordance with its Celtic pedigree. Cameron is derived, on the same principle, from *cam*, crooked, and *shron* (pronounced hron), nose. Campkin, like Campbell, has no right to the interpolated p, and resolves itself into *cam*, crooked, and *cean* (ken), head. Cochrane, Corcoran, from *coch*, to stick up, or cock, and *shron*, nose, i.e., one with what Mr. Tennyson calls a nose, “tip-tilted, like the petals of a flower”; Caslon, from *cas*, a foot, and *lom*, bare: Catnach, from *catauach*, hairy, rough, shaggy; Covin, from *comhaigne*, fellow-feeling; Cromwell, from *crom*, bent down, curved, out of the line, and *shuil* (huil), eye; Cole, from *ceil*, music, song; Cabbell, from *caball*, a horse; Clisby, Cleasby, from *clisbeach*, crippled, lame; Coleman, Colman, from *columna*, a dove; Clay, from *cleidh*, protection; Cobden, from *cob*, abundance, and *dean*, to do, or produce (a curious coincidence for Free-traders); Cathro, from *ceathro*, the fourth, a name probably given to a fourth son; Cullimore, from *coille*, a wood, and *mor*, great; Cayley, from *ceil*, a spouse; Carroll, from *ciar*, dark, and *shuil* (huil), eye; Codd, from *cod*, a victory; Caird, Card, from *ceard*, a tinker, a brazier, a smith; Cunard, from *cuan*, the sea, and *ard*, high; Croll, from *criodhol*, hearty.

Doran, from *dòran*, an otter; Duff, Dew, Dow, from *dubh*, black; Durdan, Durden, from *durdan*, grumbling. The old song of Dame Durden, the farmer's wife, who had so many servants, male and female, who were always getting into mischief, seems a pleasant corroboration of the Celtic origin of this name. Dalbiac, from *deal bheuc*, shapely, handsome, symmetrical; Deas, Dease, from *deas*, ready, prepared; Dalziel, from *dall*, dull or blind, and *shuil*, an eye; Darrell, from *deur*, tear, and *shuil*, eye, i.e., tearful eye; Dunn, from *dun*, a teacher, a doctor; Darley, from *dearg*, red, and *leigh*, a leach, or doctor, i.e., a surgeon.

Egan, from *eigin*, force, power; Emery, from *imrich*, flitting, moving, roving; Ettrick, from *Eitirch*, a loud noise, noisy.

Fearon, from *fearan*, a little man; Fer-mor, from *fear*, man, and *mor*, great; Farrah, Farrar, from *farradh*, straw, litter, forage; Farrell, from *fearail*, manly; Faraday, from *farraidich*, to enquire; Fermoy from *fear*, a man, and *moidhe*, superior.

Glass, from *glas*, grey; Gaskell, from *gaisgeal*, heroic, brave, warlike; Glen, Glinn, Glyn, from *gleann*, a valley; Garey, from *gaire*, smiling; Gow, from *gobha* (*gova*) a blacksmith; Galloway, from *geal*, white, or fair, and *lambh*, a hand; Gattie, Gattee, from *gath*, a dart, and belt, fiery; Gulliver, from *gu la brath*, to the last day; Gilchrist, from *gille*, a servant, and *Christ*—*Christ*; Gilderoy, from *gille*, and *ruadh*, red; Greely, from *grileag*, a grain of salt; Galt, from *gallta*, a lowlander; Gilmore, Gilmour, from *gillie*, a youth or servant, and *mor*, great or big; Gale, from *geall*, a pledge; Gill, from *gill*, pledges; Gorham, Goring, from *gorm*, green, or blue-green; Gower, Gore, from *gobhar*, a goat; Gull, Gully, from *gaol*, love.

Holles, Hollis, from *ollas*, a boast; Hosack, from *thoisearch* (t. silent), given; Herbert, from *Eirbheit*, stirring, moving; Halley, Haley, Healy, from *aille*, pleasant; Huart, Ewart, from *uthard* (t. silent), upwards, or high.

Ingram from *inghreim*, avaricious; Impey, from *impidh*, a prayer, a petition; Ion, from *ionn*, white, pure; Innes, Inns, from *innis*, an island; Imlah, from *iomlan*, complete, perfect, sound; Jerram, from *iarram*, I ask or inquire; Kavanagh, *camhanach* (cavanac, mb. pronounced as v.) the dawn; Kinnaird, Kennard, from *cean*, the head, and *ard*, the hill or high land; Kemble, Kimball, from *cam*, crooked, and *beul*, the mouth; Kilpack, from *colpach*, a heifer; Kerr, Carr, either from *geur*, sharp, or *ciar*, dark; Keon, Kean, from *cion*, waste.

Lees, from *lios*, a garden; Lusk, from *lusach*, luxuriant, or *luaisig*, a cradle; Leach, Leech, Leitch, from *leach*, a stone; Lyall, Lyell, from *lathail* (t. silent), daily.

Murray, from *morthriath*, *mor*, great, *triath*, a prince or chief (*mor ria*) a great prince. Minshull, from *min*, soft, and *suit*; More, Moore, from *mor*, great; Macaire, from *machar*, a field; Mar, Marr, Meaghan, from *meaghan*, sport, mirth; Mangan, from *meangan*, a branch; Muir and Moir, from *muir*, the sea; Morier, from *moir fhear* (moir-hear), a lord, a great man.

Oram, from *aoram*, I will worship; Outram, from *aotrom*, light, not ponderous; Olliffe, from *ollamh* (*ollav*), a learned man, a doctor; Oliphant, from *ollamhanta*, learned; Ollier, from *shoilleir* (s. silent), clear, bright, evident; Odger, from *aidheir* (*ádjer*), gladness.

Pratt, from *prat*, a trick, a prank;

Phillimore, from *filleadh*, a fold, a plait, a garment, a web, and *mor*, great; Peabody, from *píobadair*, a piper; Polk, Pollock, from *pollag*, a small lake, a pool; Rannie, Rennie, from *rannach*, a poet, a versifier; Rait, from *raith*, an umpire, a judge.

Rae, Reay, from *re*, a star, or the moon; Roskell, from *rosigail*, clear-sighted; Roos, Rouse, De Roos, from *rus*, knowledge, skill; Ross, from *ros*, a promontory or headland; Roy, from *ruadh*, reddish brown; Rusk, from *rusg*, a fleece; Ruskin, from *rusgan*, a little fleece; Rist, from *rist*, again; Roney, from *ronag*, hairy, shaggy; Rapley, from *riapal*, to mangle, to perform improperly—*riapalaiah*, mangling, botching, spoiling—and *riapaitle*, botched, mangled, spoiled, a name given originally to a hunch-backed, or otherwise deformed person; Rossiter, from *rosadach*, unlucky.

Shaen, from *seinn* (pronounced shâne), to sing, to warble; Shiel, from *siol* (shiol), progeny, issue; Sinclair is ordinarily derived from "St. Clair," but has, in addition to its Norman, a Celtic pedigree, in *singileir*, a flax-dresser; Scammell, from *sgamel*, a scale, a balance; Sturrocks, from *sturrug*, rough, uncouth; Scott, from *sgod*, command, rule, pride; Saville, from *sabhal* (saval), a barn; Sewell, from *suil*, an eye; Slaney, from *slan*, healthy, and *slaine*, more healthy; Stiggins, from *stig* and *stigear*, a mean, low fellow, a skulk; Snaith, from *snaith*, a thread, and *snaith*, threads; Sant, from *saunt*, inclination, desire; Seudamore, from *syath*, a shield, and *mor*, great.

The most illustrious name on my list, that of Shakespeare, has generally been considered to be of Anglo-Saxon origin, significant of a warrior who shook his spear in battle; but, without endeavouring to controvert the correctness of this pedigree for the greatest of English surnames, it is desirable to show that the Celts may also put in a claim to its paternity. Shakespeare's native Warwickshire is a county into which fewer Saxons penetrated than in almost any other in England; the forest of Arden, in which he rambled in his youth, has a purely Celtic name, and the river Avon, on the bank of which stands his native Stratford, is the Celtic *abhuin*, a river, and it is possible that the poet's name is really as Celtic as those of the stream and the forest. "Was there," says Mr. Charles Knight, in his biography of the bard, "in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond, which Richard denounced as a

company of thieves, outlaws, and renegades, an Englishman bearing the name of Chacksper, or Shakespeire, or Schakespere, or Schakspere, or Shakspere, a martial name however spelt?" If the name, in whatever variety of modes it be spelled, be Anglo-Saxon, it is clearly martial; but not so if it be Celtic. The poet's father signed his name John Shacksper, without the final e; the poet, himself, in the dedication of *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, to the Earl of Southampton, signed Shakespeare; but in his will, a document in which correctness was more necessary, he signed Shakspere. The late Mr. Howard Staunton, in his excellent edition of Shakespeare, adopts the first of these as the true name, and Mr. Charles Knight adopts the second. The one calls his edition "The Plays of Shakespeare," and the other gives an interesting, but very fanciful, "Biography of William Shakespeare," in which there is neither Shake nor spear, any more than there was in the name of the poet's father. Bearing in mind the fact that many names bestowed upon people in early times, just before surnames began to be hereditary, were given on account of some personal peculiarity in the founder of the family, such as Strongbow, Beauclerk, Strong-i'-the-arm, Fortinbras, Longbeard, and the Scottish names of Campbell, Cameron, Cochrane, Campkin and others; the following suggestion as to the possible Celtic derivation of the name of Schacksper, as the poet's father spelt it, seems deserving of consideration. The Celtic word *seach* (pronounced schach), signifies shrivelled, shrunken, dried up; and *speir* signifies a leg, a shank, a thigh. Of course this is not so noble a derivation as the martial one, to which the world is accustomed, but if it should happen after all to be the true one, it is not to be rejected, because less agreeable than the old. Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, who went out in the '45, was none the less a gallant gentleman and a loyal subject of his prince because his name signified a crooked nose. The Duke of Argyll is none the less a duke, a peer, a scholar, and a gentleman because the patronymic of his family signifies a squint. George Cruikshank is none the less a great artist, because if he had had a Celtic instead of a Saxon surname, he might have been called *crom-speir*, a word of exactly the same meaning. And Shakspere is none the less the greatest of

poets because his name may possibly perpetuate the remembrance of a personal deformity in one of his ancestors.

Tait, from *tait*, pleasure; Tulk, from *tuly*, a hollow place; Tulloch, Tully, Tyl, Toole, from *tulloch*, a hill; Thackeray, from *tiachaireachd*, perversity; Tilt, from *tilg*, to throw; Train, from *treun* (pronounced trane), strong, brave; Tooke, Tuke, from *tuathach* (tu-ach), a northerner; Thom, from *tom*, a hill; Tirrell, Tyrrell, Turrell, Tyrll, from *turail*, sagacious, shrewd, watchful; Torrie, Torrey, from *toradh*, fruit; Tully, from *tuil*, a flood; Trail, from *trathail* (*tra-ail*), early, seasonable; Tenniel, from *teineil*, fiery, passionate.

Wallack, from *wallach*, proud, haughty.

The Highland names with the prefix of Mac, and the Irish names with the prefixes of O and Mac, have been purposely excluded from the above catalogue for the reason that they are so obviously Celtic as not to need proof of their origin. The list is not to be considered an exhaustive one, but as merely a sample of a selection from the multitude of patronymics that yet await incorporation into the complete, and as yet uncompiled, dictionary of the surnames of the inhabitants of the British Isles. The Anglo-Saxon and Norman branches of the enquiries have been well-nigh exhausted. The Celtic element remains almost wholly unexplored. It may be remarked in reference to the Celtic as compared with the Saxon and Norman surnames in Mr. Mark Antony Lower's book and Mr. Bardsley's more recent volume, that the Celtic names are not so purely physical in their origin as those of the less imaginative race; and that words, expressive of the hope and joy occasioned by the birth of a child into a family, are more common among the surnames of the Celts than among those of the Anglo-Saxons.

#### A DAY IN CALAIS.

"SOMETHING might be said for it, but not much: and when a few words will rescue misery out of its situation, I hate the man, &c." These, it will doubtless be remembered, were the words of the late Mr. Sterne, referring to an old travelling carriage which he was about to purchase. They could, however, be applied more conveniently to the place where the bargain was being struck, to that low-lying sandy stretch, out of which rises a sad-looking

cluster of grey and copper-coloured houses, with a spire and tower or two. How many millions of travellers, hurrying to Paris during the last two or three centuries, has this spectacle greeted, affecting them according to their own private humour or physical condition! It is some breezy noon, with the sun out, the waves rolling blue, and stiff, with white edges, the most odious of chanel days: or some heavy gale is on, the sky leaden colour, and the wretched bark flung about, banged, plunged, and drenched, as though the elements were tossing it in some ocean blanket. To the sufferers below, the voice of the steward is as that of some Heaven-sent angel, when he announces that the pier is just ahead, and that Calais will be reached in a few minutes. Then the hapless visitor does no more than crawl ashore, and stagger up to the railway station, whence, in a few minutes, he is whirled away to Paris. For the rest of his life he thinks of the place as a nightmare. Or, worse still, it may be the middle of the night, when there is left but the memory of a small pier, with a flaring lighthouse and an illuminated clock; a glimpse of a wall, and drawbridge, and shadowy figures. Then comes the blazing buffet, the capital meal, and the invitation of the guard: "Ascend, gentlemen!" "To the carriages!" And this glimpse is all that is obtained, or indeed desired, of Calais.

Yet the place is worthy of much more. Though little more than an hour's sail away, it is thoroughly French, and has a piquancy of its own, which will well repay the traveller, who has an eye for the picturesque, and can enjoy a bit of romance. He must of course be on a lower level than those professors of the grand, whose appetite can only be stayed by Pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's, and the like. But a day in Calais can be pleasantly and profitably spent, and the modest explorer will take back with him something agreeable to think of. The present writer was thus engaged on a very recent Sunday, and came back more mentally enriched than he had done from grand scenes with an official reputation, which involved a troublesome and expensive pilgrimage to see.

The sun shone brightly during our voyage on that agreeable day. The sea, Heaven be thanked, was smooth. An almost blasé traveller, who knows the road to Paris by heart, will yet feel a sense either

of novelty or of interest, as that cold, low patch of sand draws near, and the cluster of solitary buildings, with its lorn landmark, rises. There is a strange feeling of curiosity and interest as we see the grey and rusty settlement. This feeling may be traced to the sense of loneliness and desertion in this small solitary enclosure, that keeps solemn guard against the ocean on one side, and long wastes of sand on the other. Mr. Ruskin, taking the old grim tower for a text, has expressed the feeling in a fine passage. The English traveller, too, thinks of Queen Mary's declaration, that Calais would be found graven on her heart: of his countryman, Sterne, and the Sentimental Journey; of Dessein's Hotel, a word to call up a romance of Beau Brummel; of the band of refugees, escaped from the English prison for debt, and worse places; of the strange society such elements must have composed; and of that stream of all that was great and remarkable, which for centuries back has been passing through the place.

But here is the pier gliding by, with a red-breeched French soldier or two, and the sabots and blouses, ever new, and the fishing boats; while for background is the yellowish-grey wall, the miniature fortifications, and the general clustered and huddled air of the houses; and most effective of all, the crowd of fishing boats lying up between the quay and the town, through whose rigging and cordage can be seen the gates, with picturesque glimpses of the town within. Before us, as we cross the drawbridge is the old Hogarth Calais gate with the gate-house beyond, and the broad ditch underneath, most quaint and picturesque view; and here is the very spot where the painter sat and made his sketch, while on each corner are two erasures, as it were, where once the arms of England had been carved.

The glimpse through this old-fashioned gateway is to-day very picturesque. The narrow streets of the town lead from the walls to the Place, and this entrance has now become almost a covered passage; from side to side are stretched the gayest, gaudiest of festoons, yellow, red, all colours, flags, arches, ribbons. For to-day an annual fête is being held, and the old town is amusing itself. This introduces us to the Place itself, quaint oblong, of large size, where soldiers could manoeuvre with ease; with its antique town-hall, the sad sombre watch-tower before spoken of,

and the gay houses of different heights and patterns, with their particoloured blinds, devices, and balconies, all running round the Place and furnishing gaudy detail. Here there used formerly to be plenty of movement, when the grand Lafitte diligences went clattering across, starting for Paris, before the voracious railway marched victoriously in and swallowed diligence, horses, postillions, bells, boots and all.

In the centre of the Place a sort of pavilion has been erected from which by-and-by will be discoursed music. It is Sunday, the suitable day in France for a fête, and a stream passing out to the left of the Place is making for a huge iron-grey cathedral, quite ponderous and fortress-like in its character. Here is the grand messe going on, the Swiss being seen afar off, standing with his halbert under the great arch, while between, down to the door, are the crowded congregation and the convenient chairs. Over-head the ancient organ is pealing out with rich sound, while the sun streams in through the dim painted glass on the old-fashioned costume of the fishwomen, just catching their gold ear-rings en passant. There is a dreamy air about this function, which associates itself, in some strange way, with by-gone days of childhood, and it is hard to think that about two or three hours before the spectator was in all the prose of London.

Now we wander on out of the Place away down Royal-street, where we stop before a dilapidated court-yard, round which runs a much-soiled and equally dilapidated building. Its high roof seems rusty enough, and the yard itself is grass grown, while the many windows round seem rickety. This is the present museum of the town, which it seems was formerly the old Dessein Hotel, the old inn where Mr. Sterne put up, and where, since his sentimental day, so many other remarkable people have dined and put up, on landing from the packet. That the house actually existed in Yorick's day has been doubted, but there is an antique, almost ruined air, a general running to waste, that is in keeping.

Here it was that the dainty scene of the desobligeante took place; here was the remise, and here were the other objects of that pleasant picture. If it be not the identical inn, here at least is the street where the dramatic incident took place. Everywhere the flavour of the Calais portion of the Sentimental Journey is

present. The little streets have the old simple rococo flavour, and in the Rue Royale, where this old Dessein Inn stands, we almost expect to see the little petit maître and the lady; and certainly do encounter the "inquisitive traveller" and his companions wandering. The houses that line it are the very same at which Mr. Sterne looked up; and, more curious still, the air and look of the place might fairly inspire a visitor with the thoughts and picturesque description of such a "sentimental journey." It must have been an important establishment, with its great court-yard, its gardens to the left, and its theatre, which the enterprising proprietor maintained, and which is still open. It is now, as has been said, converted into the town museum, thrown open to the visitor; and the rather heterogeneous collection, made up of "voluntary contributions," prompted half by the vanity of the donor, and half by his indifference to the objects presented, suggest the curiosities preserved at Little Pedlington. We have not, indeed, the "old pump" or the parish stocks; but there are things as interesting. A few old pictures given by the Government and labelled in writing; the car of Blanchard's balloon, and a cutting from a newspaper describing his arrival; portraits of the "Citizen King" in his white trousers; ditto of Napoleon the Third, name pasted over; the flagstone with an inscription celebrating the landing of Louis the Eighteenth, removed from the pier; and, of course, a number of the usual uninteresting cases containing a good deal of white card, cotton, pins and insects, with stuffed and symmetrically arranged dried specimens; and some Indian gourds and arrows, which "no gentlemanly collection should be without." A little depressed at this inspection, which, however, is conscientiously performed, we withdraw, and begin to explore again.

Every new exploration, however, leads us straight to some fortification, or gate, or drawbridge of the little place; and being thus repulsed, we again as invariably emerge on the Place, and thus oscillate shuttlecock wise. Presently, on one of our compulsory returns to the Place, we find a change, the festivities having begun, the music of the 8th Regiment being in possession of the Kiosque, and the whole town, according to its degree, being gathered; either seated on chairs within an improvised reserved ground kept by sentries, or walking about. No-

thing could be gayer or more picturesque. The balconies had been covered with gay cloth and were filled with spectators, and where there were no balconies the windows were crowded. Below were the usual typical elements ; the smooth-shaven avocat, attended by a walnut-faced moustached wife and chattering daughters; the English families, gaily dressed, talking contemptuously and with airs of patronage, as though they were the squires of the place and this a merry-making at their village ; the superior officer and family man, in full tenue, with an ornamental little girl and faded wife—a worn, macaw-faced gentleman, with that indescribable air of consciousness which Frenchmen in uniform always exhibit, whose every posture, as he walked languidly, was with a view to effect. Here, too, were those dreadful, gnarled old faces, the colour of tobacco-juice, which are not seen in England, and which present the idea of a human dilapidation almost inconceivable. But the promenading portion offered the gayest and most delightful variety, and there we could see what a valuable agent for the picturesque is the fishing element.

As the chorus in *Faust* sounds from the Pavilion, the Place seems to become a reproduction of the well-known Kermess scene, there is such motion, colour, and life. Here pass by those fresh and pretty fish-girls, with their snowy and even elegant caps, their golden earrings, rich crimson petticoats, and white muslin capes. Here is some ancient, copper-coloured dame, dressed in the same uniform, but leaning on the arm of her daughter, who, not belonging to that profession, is dressed a la mode ; while, mixed up with them, are the coquette bonnes or nurses, in their not unpicturesque dress. Thus is given an admirable lesson of self-respect, and these worthy souls display an honest pride in their calling that might win Mr. Ruskin's praise. How infinitely more effective, more likely to extort the admiration or attention sought, is that honest full dress of their profession, than, as with us, the inferior and shabby imitation of the dress of their betters. So it all shifts and shuffles, that warp and woof of douaniers, sailors, fish-women, soldiers, and genteel folk—not forgetting our own country people, who are, all this while, pervading the scene in every direction, and enjoying themselves after their own imitable fashion, to the admiration and amazement of the natives.

All this while the bells in the tower of the old town play tunes in a very wheezy and even irresolute fashion, rather staggering over the critical bits ; and, when it comes to striking, two horsemen, over the dial, meet in conflict at every stroke. What with the solemn old watch-tower beside it, that seemed to rebuke such festivity, and the chiming, and the old bronze busts and statues of various heroes, who all did wonderful things against the English, the whole scene has quite a mediæval air : and it every moment becomes more and more difficult to conceive that we are but a few miles from England and the general realm of prose. Now evening is drawing on, and the sun is setting. Here is the Meurice Hotel, named, no doubt, in humble compliment to the greater establishment of the same name at Paris. It has the prevailing old-fashioned air, the long white front and regimental rows of windows and shutters, with the court and green tubs within. Here, at the table d'hôte, we are introduced to many of our countrymen and country-women, who have come down to dinner in "grand tenue," as though at one of the great hotels at the German baths, while there are others who keep more modestly in the background and take shape, in the spectator's imagination, as lineal representatives of those old exiles for debt, who were obliged to seek the hospitable protection of Calais. As we sit there, in the old room, and note the shady performers, who, with the air of permanent residence, drop in and take their appointed place, the old days come back with the strangest vitality, and amongst other phantoms rises the pleasant image of Frederick Reynolds, that lively comedy writer and entertaining writer of memoirs.

Let us recall a good story from the collection of this agreeable ghost.

"Wanting to walk on the pier," he says, "I asked the garçon (who spoke English very tolerably), the French for it. He, thinking, as a Milord Anglais, I could mean nothing but peer, a lord, replied pair. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and drawbridge, stumbled on the pier ; without having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the garçon's novel appellation. There I remained, 'strutting my half hour,' till dinner time.

"At the table d'hôte, the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me ; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council

at Ratisbon, a Russian Count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom (as it appeared to me), spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irish woman.

"I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town; 'Monsieur,' I said condescendingly to the commandant, 'J'ai vu votre pair,' meaning I have seen your pier, but which he naturally understood, I have seen your père, father. This address from a perfect stranger, surprised him; 'Il est beau, et grand, Monsieur,' I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain by pronouncing very articulately,

"'Oui, Monsieur, j'ai vu votre pair—votre pair sur le havre.'

"'Eh bien, Monsieur,' replied the commandant, 'et que disait il ?'

"I was astounded; and, looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me.

"'Monsieur,' I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, 'Monsieur, est-il possible que vous résidiez ici, et que vous ne connaissez pas votre pair—votre pair si—si long !'

"This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather haut en bas terms, to demand an explanation. Like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate.

"'Messieurs,' I cried, somewhat boisterously, 'il faut que vous connaissez votre pair ! Le pair de votre ville qui est fait de pierre, et à la tête de bois—et à ce moment on travaille à lui raccommoder sa fin.'

"This was the coup de grace to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them.

"'Allow me, sir,' said a gentleman, sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed.

"'My dear sir,' interrupted I, 'you are an Englishman; pray, pray explain.'

"'Sir,' he replied, 'you have just told this gentleman,' pointing to the com-

mandant, 'that his father is the father of the whole town; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end.'

"I was paralyzed. 'Tell me,' I cried, as if my life had depended on his answer, 'what is the French for pier ?'

"'Jetée, or, according to the common people, pont,' he replied.

"I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced, in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me the St. Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *eclat de rire*, at my expense."

Later comes the dancing at the gardens, the illumination of the trees à giorno, the opera of the ubiquitous, but here most appropriate, Angot, at the old theatre, once constantly attended by the notorious Duchess of Kingston, who, indeed, furnishes another ghostly figure that walks this interesting little town. By midnight, when the Place is deserted, and the cafés have given up their guests, the whole becomes even more picturesque: the gateways and drawbridges cast shadows, and the clock, illuminated, chimes the hour.

Yes, it was a success, this "day at Calais"—one of those cheap and almost accidental pleasures which often turn out far more attractive than the costly, regularly planned enjoyments.

#### SUMMER RAIN.

O'er yonder brook, the stepping-stones gleam white  
Bleached by continuous sun-glow; and the trout  
Scarce shelter hath, to hide his jewelled sides,  
Or the white lilies surface to unfold  
Their golden-centred couplets to the dawn.  
The sultry heavens, like burnished copper glow  
With scorching heat; no welcome cloudlet marks  
One isle of shadow, in that sea of glass.  
No light breeze stirs the line of poplar trees,  
That skirt the river-bank; the stately swans  
In drowsy indolence, float with the stream,  
They care not whether; basks the pirate-pike  
Beneath the broad green candelock; and the birds  
Awed by the deathly stillness that pervades  
The thunder-laden, sultry atmosphere,  
In thicket hid, with one consent are mute.  
The panting cattle, lashing listlessly,  
With fretful tails, their roan and dappled sides,  
Stand 'neath the meadow elms, their patient eyes  
Lazily blinking, whilst impatient stamp  
Of hoof at intervals, all plain proclaims,  
As if 'twere spoke in words, uneasiness  
And dread of coming storm.

It comes, it comes!  
Behold, far-distant on the horizon-line,  
A widening speck of black! now, now, it spreads:  
Quick as can start through teeming brain a thought,  
Travels apace towards us, welcome rain,  
And ere we say "tis coming," it hath come.  
"Rain, rain at last!" the farmers hopeful cry;  
"Rain, rain!" in rippling murmurs lisps the brook;  
"Rain!" joyous sigh the petals of the flowers,  
Life-giving balm, sweet, grateful, summer rain!

## URSULA LERMA'S REPENTANCE.

SOME years ago the living of Brackinton, a little village on the borders of Exmoor, was held by the Rev. Edward Brandon. Brackinton is a wild retired spot, where many of the inhabitants still read the description of a railway with as much curiosity as citizens might feel over the account of an African jungle.

At Brackinton, in the winter, no sound is heard save the whistling of the wind, and in the summer the adventurous tourist, who has made his way across the Moor from Linton, instead of going round by the beaten track, is as a sprig of heather in April. The only season when Brackinton is a lively place is in the autumn, during the hunting of the red deer.

Then, around the little village inn may be seen congregated London exquisites in scarlet, doomed probably before the day is over, to be well browned in an Exmoor bog; hill country farmers on their shy, bright-eyed, spirited little horses, which cross the Moor almost as cleverly as the stag himself; carriages filled with smartly dressed ladies, who look through their eye-glasses at the branches of a distant tree, and declare them to be the antlers of the deer; and mounted damsels, wise virgins in truth in their generation, who are well aware that a gallop over the heather is worth to the complexion all the rouge that has been made since the time of Aspasia.

With Mr. Brandon lived his sister Ruth, a young lady of about thirty. She was not an acknowledged beauty, but the effect of her sweet presence upon those who approached her, was as the perfume of violets, as the view of a moonlit lake, or as the sound of midnight chimes.

One evening, in October, when the joyous chorus of horn, and stag-hound's bay, and sportsman's halloo had swept by as usual, leaving the place more desolate than ever, Ruth Brandon sat alone in the little drawing-room at the parsonage. Her brother was gone to dine, and spend the night, at the house of a bachelor friend.

It was a stormy night, and though a residence of five years had made her well accustomed to the place, Ruth felt a little lonely as she listened to the wild fife and drum band, which the wind-spirits were playing around the house. She consoled herself, however, with thinking how jolly Edward was at that moment with his cigar and his friend.

Taking a novel, she promoted Fairy, the black and tan terrier, from the hearth-rug to her lap, and sat down by the fire, with the full intention of being comfortable. But she had scarcely got through the description of the hero's eyes, and Fairy had scarcely completed various processes of violent scratching, turning round and round, and final complacent licking of orange tan paws, all of which were indispensable preparations for the peaceful nap she promised herself, when both lady and dog were disturbed.

"If you please ma'am," said the house-maid (a west country-man will always begin a sentence with "if you please," even if he come to tell you that your house is on fire); "if you please ma'am, they have sent up to ask for a drop of brandy for old Mrs. Lerma, who is took much worse, and they say, if master was at home they should have begged him to step down to see her."

Ursula Lerma was an old Italian woman, who, three or four years ago, had come to Brackinton, and had taken up her residence in the house of a respectable tradesman who let lodgings. No one knew anything of her antecedents, nor why she had chosen to live in this out-of-the-way village. There had been some gossip about her on her first arrival; but this had died out; and she was now regarded as a civil spoken old woman, who paid her debts and did not talk scandal. She held little communication with her poorer neighbours, but, when Miss Brandon visited her, she would chatter quite freely in her broken English about her far-off home by the Mediterranean; though she never mentioned anything of her personal history. Her health had lately been failing, but, as she was a Roman Catholic, she had rejected Mr. Brandon's ministrations. This, however, did not prevent Ruth's womanly and Christian sympathies from warming towards the poor lonely old Italian.

"As Mr. Brandon is not here you can tell them that I will come to see her," she said to the servant.

Running up-stairs she hastily put on

her waterproof-cloak and her hat and left the house, accompanied only by little Fairy. The clergyman's gentle sister was valuable to all the souls and bodies in Brackinton, and there was no reason why she should fear to walk alone after dark down the village street. The night air felt cold to Ruth after her own warm fire-side. A little shower of hail dashed in her face. The few lights in the cottage windows glimmered faintly, like eyes of the dying. The pale moon rested upon a pillow of black cloud. The tombstones in the churchyard looked in the dim light like hands of dead giants stretched up out of their graves. But Ruth Brandon's heart beat bravely and warmly, notwithstanding the chill wind and the gloomy sky. Hurrying on her merciful errand she soon reached the house where old Ursula lodged. Many were the expressions of surprise and pleasure poured forth at the sight of the young lady by the worthy mistress of the house, and by her husband, the sturdy blacksmith. As soon as these were over Miss Brandon began to inquire about Ursula. "Well, ma'am," was the reply, "I seem"—the word "seem" is often used in this way in Somersetshire—"I seem, poor soul, she is a little easier. Half an hour since she was telling up of all sorts of rambling nonsense, but just now she dozed off quiet like, and I came down to get a bit of supper for John. He has been at work all day, poor fellow."

"I will not disturb you and your husband," said Miss Brandon, kindly. "If you will give me a light I will go up by myself to Ursula. If she is awake and more come to herself, she may, perhaps, like me to read to her. If not I will come down and tell you what I think of her."

At first John and Mary strongly objected to a proceeding which they thought uncivil to the young lady; but at last the savoury smell of their supper got the better of their politeness, and Ruth went up-stairs alone.

Old Ursula was still slumbering when Ruth entered her room, and after having assured herself of this, Miss Brandon brought the light nearer to the bed. One of the old woman's hands clutched the bed-clothes, and her grizzled black hair lay in wild confusion on the pillow. But what was most remarkable in her appearance was the expression of intense restless uneasiness, which, at intervals, flitted over her face, and which in her state of unconsciousness produced a painful and uncom-

fortable effect upon the observer. It was as though the mind, excluded from communication with all outward things, was struggling with some terrible problem of its own.

That which, however, most surprised Ruth, was to see a little child, of about two or three years old, lying in bed beside the woman. It was a thin, colourless, touching face, and its extreme paleness was made yet more striking by the mass of bright golden hair which surrounded it, which seemed to have in itself a strange fulgence. The eyes were also very singular eyes for a child. There was in them a sad steadfast earnestness of gaze, as though the soul of a full grown man had got into the small body. One of the little hands was laid upon the shoulder of the old woman, and the other (which was raised, and so transparent that one could almost see through it the brilliant hair), held what looked to Ruth like a sprig of fresh orange blossom; but she knew that it could only be a fragment of some old artificial flower belonging to Mary. Ruth fancied that the little hand made a motion towards her with this flower, and that a faint smile rested for a moment on the lips. Why was Ruth Brandon agitated so strongly and unaccountably as she looked at that child? She did not herself know why. So it was, however, that as she gazed at the small pale face a feeling of immense pity rushed into her heart and filled her eyes with tears; and that as she met the sad earnest gaze, an indefinable sentiment, which was very like awe, took possession of her soul. "I will, I will. I came here on purpose to do it," murmured the old woman in her sleep.

And Ruth started at the sound of her voice as we start when some one speaks in the midst of a solemn, religious service. Just then, Ruth heard a low cry close behind her.

Turning hurriedly round, she saw that the noise came from little Fairy, who had followed her up-stairs. Fairy was crouching down with her paws stretched out before her; while her small, well-cut bat's ears were laid back upon her neck, and her whole body was in a tremor of fear. Unable to imagine what was the matter with the dog, Miss Brandon took her up in her arms. The poor little animal then hid her head under Ruth's cloak, as she always did when much frightened, and continued trembling.

"I must go down and speak to Mary

about this poor child," thought Ruth to herself. "They really ought not to leave it with this dying woman."

She left the room; and, as she did so, felt an indescribable relief, as though she had suddenly come down out of the rarefied air on a mountain-top. Fairy, also, ceased to shake, and licked her mistress's hands.

"You really should not leave that little child with the old woman," said Miss Brandon, on reaching the kitchen.

"Child, ma'am! what do you mean?" exclaimed Mary, looking at her in the utmost surprise.

"I mean the pale child with the beautiful golden hair, that is lying beside old Ursula."

Mary stared at her with increasing astonishment, and at length cried, "I know now what it must be. Ursula is telling up about a child that has got hold of her, as she has been doing all the evening. I could not sense much of what she said; but it was something like that. And you, Miss Brandon, as be very natural for a young lady that is not accustomed to dying people, have got frightened, and have fancied you saw what she talked about. It is very wisht to hear sick folk tell up so."

"But, Mary, it could not be a fancy; for I saw the child as plainly as I see you at this moment."

"What child do you think it was, then, ma'am?" rejoined Mary, rather impatiently. "You know that John and I have never had a child of our own; and I will take my happy David before the magistrate that none of the neighbours' children have been inside our doors this evening."

"Come up-stairs with me then, Mary, and you shall see for yourself," said Ruth.

With an incredulous toss of the head, the good woman followed the young lady out of the kitchen. But how unutterable was Ruth's surprise and bewilderment to find, on entering Ursula's room, that there was no child to be seen.

"There, now!" said Mary, triumphantly, "I told you, ma'am, it was all fancy. As John says, we women do fancy anything."

Miss Brandon, however, made no reply, and only smiled abstractedly; for, as she thought of the strange fact of Ursula's wandering talk having dwelt so much upon the presence of a child, thought also of the dog's unaccountable terror, of her own singular sensations when last in this

room, and of the disappearance of that pale, bright-haired little one, an uncomfortable notion that she had seen a ghost began to arise in her mind. But, knowing the aptitude for superstition in the West country character, she said nothing of this idea to the blacksmith's wife.

Mary asked her to stay for a few minutes beside the old woman, while she went downstairs to send her husband for the doctor, and to put away the supper-things before taking her place by Ursula's bed for the night.

To this Ruth at once consented, though it must be owned that when she found herself alone, her heart fluttered somewhat uneasily. Slowly the moments passed; Ruth sat by old Ursula with little Fairy, whose wide open, watchful eyes proved that she was still not quite comfortable. Miss Brandon felt nervous, as she thought of the strange circumstance that had just happened to her, though her strong, clear religious faith was a shield which protected her in some measure against fear of the supernatural, as it protects man against every other fear. Those words of Milton—"Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," would keep gliding into her mind, and repeated themselves over and over in a sort of monotonous chime. All the ghost stories she had ever read or heard flitted around her. There seemed to be a voice in the wind that whistled through the chinks of the window. She went on fancying that the bed-curtain stirred, as if touched by an invisible hand. The moonbeams, as they stole in, looked like the shimmering white robes of spirits.

"I wish Edward were here, or some one with whom I could talk reasonably," she thought, and wrapped her cloak around her; for the room felt chilly.

All at once, Ursula, who had hitherto been slumbering, stirred in her bed, and raised herself to a sitting posture. Her eyes were fixed wildly upon a distant corner of the room, and her hand felt among her pillows, from which she seemed to draw something out.

"I shall meet him at the churchyard gate," she cried, in her native Italian, in a loud clear voice.

Then she fell back and died.

That night a horseman came trotting slowly along the road from the moor. His red coat proclaimed him a hunter, and the splashes of genuine Exmoor mud,

which covered his dress as well as the legs of his powerful bay, proved him to have ridden hard.

This gentleman was Frederick Ormsby. To him belonged the large house near Brackinton, which had been the home of his ancestors. But as he and his father, who was now dead, had always lived abroad, the old house had been for the last thirty years only inhabited by servants. An English friend young Ormsby had made at Naples, had persuaded him to come and stay with him at his house at Linton, during the stag-hunting season. Since he had been at Linton, Frederick had often thought of riding over to look at the old house, but various small hindrances had prevented his doing so. This evening, however, when he found himself, after a long day's hunting, close to Brackinton, he had resolved, instead of going back ten miles to Linton, to go to the old house, and content himself with whatever accommodation he might find there. He had been used abroad to a roving life, and he rather liked the slight spice of adventure there was in this proceeding. Up the long village street rode Frederick Ormsby, thinking how his quondam, delicately-gloved, glossy-moustached Neapolitan associates, who were now probably sauntering down the Toledo, would stare could they see his present whereabouts. Though half an Italian, through his mother, the English blood in his veins had begun lately to rebel against the *dolce far niente* existence of his youth. He was now thirty, and he made up his mind, henceforth, to take life more in earnest. At the end of the village there stands first the church and then the parsonage. As Ormsby approached the churchyard gate, his horse suddenly stopped dead short. Seeing nothing for him to shy at, Frederick gave him a cut with his hunting whip, and pricked him with the spur, but the horse only walked backward. Then he tried coaxing, but with no better success. After that he urged him more violently, until the high-couraged thorough-bred, who had before been given to bolting, and who was besides now in extreme terror from some unknown cause, swerved on one side, and taking the bit between his teeth, made straight for the stone wall that surrounded the churchyard. He rose at the leap, but being unable (perhaps from the effects of his long day's hunting) to clear it, fell backwards upon his rider.

As Ruth Brandon was returning from the blacksmith's house, she was startled by the galloping tread of a horse, which sped quickly by her. She saw the empty saddle in the moonlight, and feared some accident. A little further on she observed Fairy snuffing curiously some object under the churchyard wall. On going up to it, she found it to be the body of a man, in a red coat. In her alarm she cried aloud for help, and some men came out of the neighbouring cottages. Finding that he was not dead, but only unconscious, they carried him into the parsonage. Ruth and her old servant busied themselves about the sufferer, who was laid on a sofa. There was characteristic womanly tenderness in Ruth's touch, and characteristic womanly observation also in her appraisement of his features. There was a paper clasped tightly in one of the young man's hands. She gently took it from between his fingers, and thinking it might be of importance to him, put it into his waistcoat pocket. Her touch upon his breast aroused him, and opening his eyes he fixed them upon her. Why did she start at that look? It was because those eyes were so very like the eyes of the child in Ursula's room. The doctor who had been sent for, to see the old woman, soon arrived, and declared that Ormsby's arm was broken. The young man was established in a bedroom at the parsonage, and Mr. Brandon, on his return next morning, was a good deal surprised to find this addition to his family. He, however, treated the stranger with the most friendly kindness, and that more especially when he heard who he was. Ormsby, on his side, liked his quarters at the parsonage, and Ruth somehow learned to think him quite good-looking. One day Ormsby found in his waistcoat pocket a paper that astonished him. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:—

"Mr. Ormsby. I, Ursula Lerma, was the servant of your mother, when she married your father, and went with her to her husband's house. She died at your birth, and I, who was your nurse, and loved you then better than God and the Virgin, resolved to get rid of your little elder brother, the child of your father's first English wife, because he stood between you and your father's fortune. One day, therefore, when I was out with that child I left him with a relation of mine, who had no children, and wanted to have a son. Then I returned, and said that the

child, as he slept on the sea shore, was washed away by the waves. Missing, I suppose, the delicate nursing he had been used to, the child, who was sickly, soon afterwards died, and I was grieved at it, for it was not my will to kill him. Now I am an old woman, I repent of this my misdeed, and so, wishing to tell you all, and not knowing where else to find you, I am come to Brackinton, hoping that sooner or later, you will visit the house of your fathers. I write this in case of my death, that this paper may be given you.

"U. L."

On talking over this strange paper with his friends, the Brandons, Ormsby came to the conclusion that it must have been what Ruth found in his hand, but how it came into his hand they never could discover. Ruth was silently of opinion that the child she had seen was the spirit of Frederick's little brother, that the ghost of Ursula had frightened Ormsby's horse, and had put the paper into Ormsby's hand. The last act of the old woman before death had been to draw it from beneath her pillow.

The paper, as was natural, caused Frederick some trouble of mind. But there was that growing up within him which soon banished all sorrow concerning the past. The first use he made of his arm, when it was sound again, was to put it round Ruth Brandon's waist. Ruth soon knew why the child-spirit had waved towards her the orange blossom.

#### ADVERTISING IN NEW YORK.

FINE French flats, elegant French flats, three beautiful flats, run some of the house agency advertisements in a recent New York paper. A fine brown stone house, is announced; a choice brown stone house; a three-story brown stone house; I have a four-story brown stone house, furnished, where my family would be taken in board for the rent;—as if brownness and flatness ran a race with each other in enticement and desirability. Reading a little farther, the British eye falls upon more oddities. These are, well-lighted lofts and elevators; a three-story high stoop; a desk room; a neatly-furnished hall room; some steam-power rooms; rooms all front, the coolest in the city; rooms with generous board; rooms with wash-basins; rooms elegant, with table choice, and location beautiful; board, with piano free, and splendid shady drives; an hotel, elegant in its appoint-

ments, and unsurpassed in its views; another with piazza all around the house, and driving park with half-mile track; one more, near surf and still-water bathing; a fourth supplied with electric bells; and a fifth with churches of three denominations near by. Then there is note of a choice farm that has no chills, no fever, and no mosquitoes; of some land that will only be deeded to such and such purchasers; of a garden with plenty fruit; of another, with choice fruit and berries (observe the distinction); of others with plenty shade, and unequalled shade (apparently a great desideratum); of some nice suits; of light housekeeping; of a cottage with henry; of a fully-furnished country residence; of a house in a central location and a popular street; of some rooms in a delightful location (to view which one must ring the professor's bell); of a floor with transient or permanent accommodation; and of some agricultural land, in Live-oak county, with all necessary outbuildings for negroes, hogs, and cattle.

Help wanted, Males; is the heading of another attractive column. Some of these male helps are to be whale helps as well; whalers, they are called. Others are to be boat-steerers; ordinary seamen; and a few American green hands for short whaling voyages. A sailing master is required; so is a farmer who can work a dairy farm; so is a farm-hand who is a good milker; so is a good coloured man as groom; so is (particularly, it would seem), a gentleman who thoroughly understands running the kitchen and dining-room of a small summer hotel. Two advertisements referring to masculine assistance shall be given entire. Agents (the first reads) come and see Tom Collins, and our new articles out to-day. Employment for all; largest commissions allowed. The other is a little fuller. Now then (it begins) agents come and see us; business and pleasure combined; new article; sells like hot cakes even in these hard times; wanted in every house, office, and bar-room.

Wanted—Some kind benevolent lady to give employment to a respectable married woman, to keep her family from starving. One advertisement stands so, frantically; and it is not a bad beginning to such offers of female help as shall be brought here under notice. A vivid companion-picture is a young and handsome widow, aged twenty-three, as housekeeper in a widower's or bachelor's family; call all the week. It is quite tame to read, after

this, of a smart energetic English widow as saleslady. One is sure she stands as little chance of selection as the middle-aged American lady who would do chamberwork at a watering-place for the season; or, as the respectable widow having one child, a boy eight years old, who would prefer a Catholic clergyman's house. It is reviving to come across the trumpet-manner of an American woman as head cook. This prominent lady declares that she cooks in two hundred different styles, can suit the most fastidious, French, Spanish, and English; that she is an economising energetic housekeeper; well-educated; with thirty years' practice and experience. After such an array of qualifications (and the wonder why the possessor of them should have to advertise at all), it is hardly to be expected that anything can be found equivalent. There are some curiosities, however. Such as, two young girls to be found near the graveyard, up two flights of stairs in the back; such as a respectable coloured lady as nurse; such as a coloured chambermaid; such as a dressmaker who makes fitting a specialty; such as a few others who operate on Wheeler and Wilson's machines; such as another who does the most stylish work at extremely low prices; and one who makes very stylish suits for five dollars and upwards, at a house where examples of work may be seen, and where visitors have to ring the third bell. A very neat, active, and amiable young Danish girl as seamstress, stands out clearly, too. So does a girl lately landed. So does an English widow who is not sea-sick;—but home-sick, poor-soul! for she wants to travel back to Europe;—so do such cases as the French governesses who have to declare they will be seamstresses also; as the nurses who seek growing children, or infants to bring up on the bottle; as the respectable woman as cook, who relates how she is also muffins and all kinds pastry. There seems to be no flinching from work, it must be set down, as far as these advertising women lay out their intentions upon paper. There seems, neither, to be any of that coqueting with work-names with which Yankee women generally are accredited. A cook is a cook; and is willing to undertake washing. A girl will take care of children, or do housework. Laundresses want to take in washing (and call particular attention to their powers of crimping and fluting). Waitresses are called waitresses; and chambermaids, chambermaids. One

young girl, who says she will do the downstairs work of a private family, is perhaps somewhat averse to writing herself down kitchen maid; but that is possibly only personal peculiarity; like another respectable girl who makes known she is to be found one flight in the rear. Such little varieties are only to be expected.

It must be confessed there are some strange bits, under the miscellaneous heading, to be found in a New York paper. Astrologers advertise. These read from the planets, tell names, show likenesses, cause marriage, may be consulted on business, losses, enemies, lawsuits, absent friends, love, sickness, and death; they challenge the world, and refuse fees (half a dollar and a whole one) unless the consulter is satisfied. In the medical corner, several ladies set forth their claims. They grapple with all complaints, and have had many years' practice. A certain Professor Barnes, master of another art, does not give lessons in dancing (which is his art), but gives exhibitions of it, and challenges the world in fine, genteel, and delicate waltzing. A furniture dealer sells tripolite tables, and the new game of alligator. The magnificent Mr. Barnum advertises the coolest place of amusement in the city—alluding, thereby, to its temperature, and not its fun. On his vaunted premises there is much to be seen; there are pony races, Roman chariot races, flat races, elephant races, camel races, monkey races, wheelbarrow races, and sack races; the whole to conclude with a truthful representation of Old Ireland's national festival, Donnybrook Fair, and to be, somehow, enlivened with a grand pageant, the Congress of Nations, which moves promptly at thirty minutes past two. Fishermen, says one advertiser, in a doubtful manner, if you want to lose a thirty-pound fish, don't use Foster's improved gimp gut. This causes us to wonder whether the said advertiser can be prosecuted for injuring another man's business, or whether his manner is a new form of joke, and is acknowledged by the Yankees so. Continuous gum teeth, are the wares of one enterprising gentleman; and other gentlemen, the keepers of loan offices, otherwise pawnbrokers' shops, say they have parlours for ladies (with money advanced on camels' hair shawls, fine dresses, pianos, and jewellery), that they will discount official salaries, and that they have no loan office signs about their premises.

There are some sales that bring new expressions. In those relating to horses mention is made of animals kind in all harness, raised by owner, warranted to trot in three minutes; of some, too, that are fine under saddle; that are excellent, free, stylish drivers; that can show a 2.40 gait; that are rangy; kind, and true; young and sound; afraid of nothing; fast travellers; suitable for milkmen or doctors; and there is much praise given to a lady's jet black pony, with flowing mane and tail, that will stand harnessed, quietly, by steam cars. The vehicles for alliance with these bays, and sorrels, and chestnuts, and dapple greys, are, many of them, novelties: there is a track sulky; there is a rockaway; there is an elegant coupe; there are calashes, skeletons, brewsters, T carts, buggies, side bar top road waggons, kobby side bar top waggons, and family coaches. Other sales are, by virtue of a chattel mortgage; are the effects of a taxidermist, comprising bears, lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, larks, thrushes, linnets, mocking birds, canaries, mules, monstrosities, and caricatures: are of second-hand furniture from a thousand and one families, where there will positively be no limit on the property (in English parlance, no reserve); are of such unusual articles as extension tables; as cane-seated rockers; as parlor suits in brocatale and cotaline; as carton matting; as fellow and turning webs; as panel saws; as hollow ware. A man wanted as a partner, must be guaranteed by collaterals and bondsmen. Another man may take an interest in the kindling wood business. Some bonds maturing on the sixteenth instant will be paid upon presentation. Borrowers are alluded to as loaners; and some railroad stocks are wanted in exchange for an estate of forty acres at hard pan price. As for the market prices of stock offered and business done, the columns contain the customary quaint terms. They always do; abroad or at home. Dressed hogs remained quiet, for instance. We note sales of five hundred pickled shoulders. Crude in bulk was inactive (that was petroleum). Rye was again easier;—it had been much disturbed. Tar was quoted steady;—that speaks well for the American navy. Whisky was unchanged;—which may account for it. Groceries were very quiet. Spirits of turpentine continued dull;—to keep the groceries company. Wheat was

declining. Freights were strong. Pitch sold in a small way. And (there had evidently been household anarchy) domestic was quiet, but firmly held. Amongst the goods sent up, in bulk or sample, the oddities are, millfeed, shorts, middlings, shipstuffs, clayed sugar, centrifugal ditto, round hoop Ohio, caloric, long clear, short clear, melado. They defy comprehension, every one; and they shall be the last matter quoted.

## SAFELY MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXPERIENCE," "DAISY'S TRIALS," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XV.

WELL, on the fatal morning, almost as soon as Allan had fairly started on his drive to the station for York (I must be telling now what I heard from Elfie and from Sir Granton Brakespear's nieces), while Elfie, before preparing for her visit to me, was lounging in the sunny bow-window of the breakfast room, intoxicating herself with the perfume of her hyacinths—a perfume which, since then, always turns her faint—and feeling, as she owns, somewhat caged and captured, by having, on such an inspiring morning, nothing to look forward to but first a tame drive along the lanes, and then a tedious day with an old woman—suddenly, as if by enchantment, Sir Granton Brakespear, on his Elfin King, with two of his gay nieces, veils, curls, and feathers flying, skirts backward blown, merry-ring talk and laughter, all vivid life and motion, dashed up the drive and rode straight up to her window.

The women, I won't call them ladies—they were not, at all events, what we called ladies when I was young—greeted Elfie with shrill exclamation and complaint, seeing her in white morning dress, all fine cambric and lace and lilac ribbons, as they described it, instead of in her habit as they had expected. They had been told that it was an arranged thing between Elfie and their uncle, that they should fetch Elfie as soon as her husband was safely out of the way. They had entered into "the fun of it." It had been presented to them as a good joke, and they had so accepted it, for the fun's sake, and to please an uncle from whom they were always receiving welcome and handsome gifts.

To their clamour Elfie says she answered carelessly, asking why should she be ready

when she was not, as they must know, going to ride? As she spoke, she says, her eyes were for that tangible form of temptation in which the devil appealed to her, the jet-black, superb and splendid Elfin King; and she allowed herself to step out of the window on to the gravel, to stroke with her jewelled white hand the glossy black neck of the creature who for months past had haunted her dreams. As she did this, Sir Granton dismounted and stood by her side; he laid his hand on her hand and spoke into her ear. He spoke, his nieces said, at some length and with much emphasis; interrupted, now and again, by Elfie, whose cheeks had flushed and whose eyes flashed, as it seemed to them, with anger. And it seemed to them with real anger that she clenched her pearly teeth as she listened and hardly parted them when she spoke.

It was only a few sentences, and towards the end of the talk, that the girls were able to overhear.

From Elfie. "If I do it, I'll do it because I hate you—because I hate you I'll do it, if I do it, and it shall be you who shall bitterly repent it hereafter."

That she spoke those words Elfie remembers, but exactly what she meant by the last of them, when she spoke them, she has never been able to tell me.

A reckless, restless, ruthless devil of revolt, of revolt against all law, all authority, all restraint, seemed to wake within her; while, at the same time, she was conscious of burning hatred of the man who woke it, and of intense desire for revenge. She says she felt all hatred, and a keen delight in hating. She hated Allan, at that moment, because he was noble; herself, because she was vile; but, most of all, she hated the man whose words she was letting taunt and sting her into the insurrection she could not think that Allan would ever forgive.

To her the old wretch answered,

"Why you do it, if you do it—but I know you don't dare do it—I don't care: and for what comes after I don't care. 'Hereafter' has to take care of itself with me. If you ride to-day, and ride my Elfin King—but I know you don't dare do either!—what will may come after. You think your Blue Beard will kill me for tampering with his Fatima. Let him try!"

It was this, or something just like this, he said, Elfie is sure. And to this she answered,

"I hate you, and I'll do it; I'll do it

because I hate you! and my husband will kill you. Ride round to the stables and tell them to saddle Mayflower."

"Why have Mayflower out? My groom is waiting close by with my horse; why not have the Elfin King saddled with your saddle at once?"

"Because I do not choose," Elfie answered. "I do not choose to mount your horse while I am on my husband's ground."

"So!"

"Also, I choose that when I mount the Elfin King, you shall ride Mayflower."

Sir Granton Brakespear had only to obey. Triumphant as he was, he was nevertheless perplexed by the disdainful, imperious, almost fierce, manner of Elfie, and by the hearty goodwill of her "I hate you."

While they all waited for Elfie, he said to his nieces,

"What has the little witch got in her mind? Some mischief! She's a piquante little lady, at all events! By no means the fool young Edgar described her!"

It was not till they had passed the Braithwait boundaries that Elfie would have the saddles changed. Then, when she was once mounted on the Elfin King, there began the supreme hour of the wicked-elf nature in her.

From the first the old man seemed ill-at-ease on Elfie's hot-tempered and yet timid and very tender-mouthed mare. He declared it was like riding a bird rather than a horse; that there was nothing to pull against. Elfie could see, plainly enough, that Mayflower was ill-pleased and ill-suited with her heavy-handed and fiery-tempered rider; and Elfie lost no chance of stimulating the ill-feeling between ridden and rider.

Yes, Elfie's wicked-elf nature got completely the upper hand, and had its supreme hour that morning. She was realising her long ambition; she was riding the glorious and the forbidden (doubtless here lay the charm) Elfin King. She felt, she said, all fire and flame. She looked, they said, like some beautiful fiend on a demon charger, whose dire delight might be to tempt men on to danger and to death.

Realising the long ambition of one part of her nature—riding the Elfin King—she also had, by-and-by, to realise what this ride would cost her other nature; and through the delirious madness of her intoxication she became, by-and-by, more and more conscious of something of dead

weight and pain ; something that must, she supposed, be what people call remorse and despair, when the thought of her husband crossed her.

There was that, too, which at once stung the wretched girl to the quick, and stimulated her to madder madness, in the way she was received in the field.

She was without her husband, she was with Sir Granton Brakespear, she was riding Sir Granton Brakespear's horse. So looks maliciously askance, from those who looked at her at all, among the women, greeted Elfie ; looks maliciously askance, accompanied by a careful drawing off of those whom she approached, with one exception—that exception a woman, of whose existence her husband had forbidden her to seem aware, and who now made advances towards her of fellowship and friendship. And while the women, with this one fatally significant exception, avoided her, the men (saving the nobler and better among them, of whom some were her husband's friends—and these gave her stern, or pitying looks, or declined to recognise her), lost no opportunity of gathering about her, and of showing her what like are the words and ways of such men towards women when the veil of deference has been dropped.

Most miserable Elfie ! Of course the more heavily was pressed home upon her the interpretation by the outside world of what she had done, the wilder grew her recklessness of danger and her assumed gaiety—as she courted rather than shunned death.

Sir Granton Brakespear had grown fairly frightened, for himself, for his horse, and for her. Elfie knew it, and taunted him with it, and irritated his horse on which she rode, her horse on which he rode, in every conceivable fashion.

The tender, and timid, but high-spirited Mayflower had long been quivering all over with nervous excitement half of anger, half of fear. Had not Elfie been more of a fiend than of a woman by this time she must have had that pity for her favourite which she might fail to feel for the man who rode it. But she had no pity—her mirthless mocking laughter increased the blind rage of horse and of man. It became a struggle between temper and temper, of rider and of ridden.

Presently, at some almost impossible fence, refused by the rest of the field, insisted on by Elfie, came the final fatal tug of war. To kicking, rearing, plunging,

shouting, screaming, cursing, succeeded silence, and, after a few instants, stillness.

An imprecation had been shrieked at Elfie in the glare and the throes of a last agony. Then the cursing tongue was silent for ever, the glaring eyes for ever extinct. Horse and rider lay a confused mass, first of convulsive and then of motionless death, at which they told me Elfie sat and stared. Stared stupidly, as if not recognising on what it was she looked.

There was blood upon Elfie, there was blood upon her skirt, blood upon her ermine-trimmed tunic and white gloves, splashes of blood, too, upon her cheek ; there was, also, blood upon her conscience. She knew, what in the furious excitement and mad confusion of the last moment, had escaped the recognition of any one else, that it was a blow from the horse she rode, his own Elfin King, that had shattered that white head as it reached the ground.

The noble creature seemed to know it, too, it stood now perfectly still ; and perfectly still, and staring straightdown upon the horror on the ground, sat Elfie, from whose hands the reins had dropped.

The silence and the stillness interposed between the mad confusion which was past, and the horrified stir and bustle which must come, probably lasted only a few moments, but it was during these moments that Allan, all breathless with rage and hot haste, had ridden up.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

On reaching the station Allan had found a telegram from York, which had not been sent on to Braithwait lest it should miss him, waiting for him ; a telegram which told him of the postponement of the meeting he had been going to York to attend. He returned to Braithwait immediately.

When Markham met him with the news how, and with whom, his wife had ridden out he had seemed, he said, to be hearing what he knew already ! To Markham, she told me, he spoke no word, except to ask the one question, as he looked at his watch, "What time was it when she started ?"

Riding after them as soon as it had been possible to get upon a horse, his soul must have been a very hell of evil and violent passions within him. He knew, he told me, what he meant to do ; he had been openly outraged and insulted, and openly he meant to take the first part of his revenge. To preserve the honour of his good old name being now, in his morbid imagination, impossible, there only

remained to avenge it. Sir Granton Brakespear, old man as he was, should feel the lash of a hunting-crop about his shoulders. In the encounter that must come afterwards, there would be no inequality. Sir Granton was known to be a good shot, known to have, in spite of his years, and of his excesses, a steady hand. Not that Allan, as he owned, would then, in his first rage, have shunned an unequal encounter in which the advantage should have been on his own side. Though he might not care to live, he cared still less to leave his enemy alive behind him. Not from cowardice, but simply to ensure the death of that enemy, he would have preferred to shoot him without offering himself for his shot.

Old woman as I am, Christian woman as I hope I am, I find it easy, putting myself in his place, to understand that!

After furious riding, in this hot haste of black, and bitter, and deathly rage, he had come upon the scene I have tried to indicate (Heaven knows how vividly and often it has been before my mind's eye! although my physical eyes were spared the looking on it) just at the breathless appalled pause between the mad confusion that had been, and the horrified bustle that would be.

No doubt he experienced some tremendous revulsion of feeling, finding vengeance thus taken out of his hands, but what he experienced he has never been able to recall. No doubt, too, all his best instincts were shocked to see his wife sitting there, erect in her saddle, staring with dead-seeming face, with wide eyes and parted lips, at such a sight as most women, and not a few men, would hardly have borne to look upon for one moment. Sir Granton's nieces arriving at the spot directly after Allan, screamed and fainted. But Elfie seemed as if, in blank bewilderment, too dense to let even horror through, she would have sat there for ever, had not Allan plucked her from her saddle, and half dragged, half carried her clear of the group encompassing that mass of death.

Elfie told me afterwards, that on seeing her husband, she had been only conscious of the comfort of his presence; she had felt no fear of him, had had no sense or memory of her own sin and shame. And what he told me of her conduct confirmed this.

He took her to a farm-house close by, from whence he sent for a carriage in which to get her home. He had, he said,

to use force to free himself from her clinging hands, when he gave her into the charge of the farmer's wife. She did not seem to understand anything the woman said to her, and she only spoke once, to ask for water in which to wash. She was every now and then shaken by a strongly convulsive shudder, as she looked, with ineffable disgust and loathing, upon the blood-stains on her clothes.

I asked Allan what had passed between himself and his wife—in words—since. To which question Allan answered,

"Absolutely nothing. In the carriage she tried to cling to me. When she found I would not have it, she crouched into her corner: she said, to herself, 'When all this blood is got rid of, perhaps he will let me touch him.' But she did not speak to me, nor I to her. When we reached the house, Markham was watching for us—she said to Markham, 'There is blood about me,' and went at once, with Markham, to her dressing-room."

So said Allan. From Markham I learnt how she seemed as if she would never be satisfied that she had washed and bathed enough, that she was free from the blood-stains, though she had caused herself to be fresh clothed from head to foot.

"It is a clean soul she needs," said Allan, with gloomy fervour, "a clean soul. The body is well enough. Was ever so outwardly fair a thing so inwardly false and so foul?"

"I doubt, even now," I ventured to answer to him, "whether the girl's soul—supposing she has one—is not far cleaner than you can believe. With these wicked pranks, and freaks, her soul has had nothing to do. Elfie's soul, I have sometimes fancied, is often not at home."

He did not deign to answer my words, but went on to tell me what it was he wanted of me. Just this—that I should give up my peaceful and quiet life, the only life for which, at my age, I was the least fit, and should remain at Braithwait to take "entire charge" of Elfie!

"If anyone has any influence for good over her it is you," he said. "If for any human being she has any glimmer of pure and wholesome human feeling, it is for you. With me she has just gone always from bad to worse."

"And you? What are you meaning to do?" I demanded, after some moments of suffering silence, during which, while I found it impossible to refuse poor Allan Braithwait's request (I don't think the

possibility that I might, would, should or could do so ever occurred to him) I realized something of what it would cost me to grant it, and felt it hard that, at my age, I should be robbed of my rest, and should have this girl whom I had got "safely married" thus thrust back upon me!

"I? What am I meaning to do? First and chiefly, to go away, to get away from Braithwait, from England, from any place I have ever seen and known!"

"To go away! For how long?"

"A question I am not able to answer."

Then I reminded him of my very considerable age, of my lately weakened health, showing for how short a time, in all probability, could I be counted on to take any charge of his wife.

In turn he showed me how impossible it was for him, at present, to think of anything but getting away, of anything but escaping from under the same roof that covered her. "The temptation is too great," he finished by saying.

"What temptation?" I sharply demanded.

He answered that I must know, that some things were better not put into words, but that I must know how he must be tempted to put such a woman as his wife past all power of harming him further, of turning and re-turning the knife in the wound, of heaping infamy upon infamy!

After he had said that, there was a silence of some length—he busying himself with papers lying before him on the table at which he sat, I trying to steady my mind to something like a grasp of the situation.

By-and-by I asked him how his desertion of his wife was to be accounted for in the neighbourhood? To this he answered me, with great scorn, I should not find "the neighbourhood," which had doubtless formed its own well-grounded theory of the matter, would trouble me with questions; but that, even if it should, there could be no difficulty for me in replying that his physicians had ordered him a long sea-voyage, on which he had embarked, leaving his wife in my care—"For the present," he ended by saying, "that is enough. The future we may leave to explain itself!"

"But it is bitter irony," I cried, getting suddenly excited to a kind of objectless revolt, "to talk of leaving Elfie in my care. What care can I take of her? At

my age, with my infirmities! I feel myself grow feebler and more foolish, and my faculties more confused, and my nerves less under my control, day by day. It is I who ought to be cared for, at my age, and to have quiet comfort. How can I care for Elfie? Is there no one else to do it? No one?"

"As you know, there is no one. I am sorry. I feel it is hard upon you. But what alternative have I? It is not safe for me to live with her, not safe."

Recalling words which had escaped him at the earlier part of this interview, I now said,

"If I make this sacrifice, you will at least promise me that you will do yourself no violence, that you will wait Heaven's time for your own death?"

He looked up at me, with a curious expression of face, an expression I could not fathom.

"I am not contemplating suicide," he answered, slowly and reflectively. "In spite of the blackness that is all about me there are times when I feel that I am young, and that I have hardly tried life; times when I have glimpses of how fair a thing, how good, how desirable life might be. Can't you see, can't you understand, that my temptation is not to put an end to my own existence, but to wipe off what I feel to be a foul blot upon it? It is from this temptation that I can only save myself by flight. It was not suicide to which Iago drove Othello, Miss Hammond."

As he ended there was, in the poor fellow's eyes, a depth of sombre savagery which made me shudder.

There was again some length of silence. Allan appeared to be hunting for a particular paper among the many with which his writing-table was strewn. By-and-by, when he had found it, he began, glancing at it occasionally as he spoke, to talk to me of business details, and of money arrangements. I let him go on some time, and then I told him I had no idea what it was all about, that my mind was much too tired to follow him. All I knew was that, during his absence, Elfie would need little, that the less he left at Elfie's disposal the better; that, indeed, it appeared to me, it might be a good plan to shut up Braithwait for the time of his absence, and to let Elfie live with me at my cottage, just as she had done before she was married;—"safely married" I added, idiotically, without

intention. I don't think he caught those last words, I hoped he did not.

"If I could look forward to passing on my inheritance to a son, to any Braithwait, or even to any man who was anything of an honourable gentleman, any man who was not a sneak, a coward, a reprobate, a spendthrift, and my enemy, the economy of such an arrangement would make it acceptable to me," he said. "I have had losses," he went on, "and her expenditure has been extravagant; for that I don't blame her, for I never tried to check it. But, as things are—my heir-at-law being who he is—you know how fairly I might say that 'I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun, because I shall leave it unto the man that shall be after me.' If I had no tie to life beyond the wish to keep Edgar Ramsay out of his inheritance, I might in that wish find a sufficient tie. No, Miss Hammond, there is little danger that I shall give up life while I can keep it. And, now I think of it, let me charge you, as I shall charge my London men of business, whom I propose to see before I leave London, to be very slow and wary in giving any heed to rumours of my death, whether from illness or by accident. Such rumours are only too likely to be put about."

I tried to speak of hope in some future, of the possibility that different causes might work together to ameliorate the conditions of his life; that change for the better in his own health might make it easier for him to endure what might still remain to be endured; while some change for good in Elfie, brought about by the horror she had experienced, and the grief which I felt sure her husband's absence would cause her, might immensely diminish the sum of what he would have to endure. My words sounded to myself foolishly feeble and absurdly inadequate; but they served as well as better words, for I don't think Allan even heard them. He was again occupied with his papers. When my voice ceased to make a sound, he looked up and said,

"Exactly. To Elfie you can explain my going away in any manner you may see fit. I sometimes wonder if I am not entirely wrong and unreasonable, when I let myself blame her and feel anger against her; as I should be wrong and unreason-

able, if I let myself blame and feel anger against any other noxiously harmful thing. But towards those other noxiously harmful things, of which I am thinking, we are not called upon to show such forbearance as shall leave them their power to harm, and leave us in their power to be harmed. There is the difference. We may stamp them out."

Again he made me shudder by the sombre savagery of eye and voice. I not only knew that he would answer in the affirmative, when I asked him if he meant to leave his home and his country without seeing his wife again; but I wished him to do so. Yet, when having done so, he added, hesitatingly,

"Unless I could look upon her for one moment in her sleep. In her sleep I have seen her look I don't know whether most child or angel." When he said this, and saying it, his face softened, and his voice took a tone of curious yearning and of tenderness, I was fool enough to feel my old heart stirred with hope. Yet, had Othello no tenderness for Desdemona as he killed her? I had been well read in Shakespeare once, and Allan himself had but just brought these characters to my mind. But almost immediately the sombre look returned to his face, and soon, as if he had forgotten my presence, he was absorbed in his work among his papers.

By an involuntary groan I presently recalled myself to his consciousness. Then he looked up and said,

"You should get some rest; you are very tired. I will ring and tell them to send Markham." As he spoke he rose and rang.

"And am I to take my final leave of you now, Allan Braithwait?" I asked.

"No, oh no; I have many hours' work before me. At earliest, it can be only the midnight train by which I can get off; probably it will not be till the two o'clock morning mail."

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